

Doelicks Determined to be Garrotted.

[From the New York Playmate.]

Wonderfully popular has the fashionable amusement of garrotting lately become. It seems to be one of the delightful recreations of high life to be choked and robbed—the hero victims of the garrotte are as much lionized in polite circles at present, as Polish nobles and Hungarian refugees once were. Instead of stars, ribbons and orders, damaged faces and broken heads are now the rage in Fifth Avenue. A slashed nose is a minor passport to social distinction than the Order of the Garter, and a black eye is better capital for soiree and party free passes than a dozen crosses of the Legion of Honor. Garrotting is exceedingly useful, too, in matrimonial speculations. A fast friend of mine, young Deobots, owed old Bootjack, the oil merchant, \$300, for money advanced to pay College expenses—young Deobots' guardian sent him the dimes to settle the account. That evening young Deobots sat down to a friendly game of "poker" with a few friends, much faster than himself, and after five deals, his "pile" wasn't worth a Spanish quarter. Young Deobots cogitated, and next morning got up an artistic black eye, with some India ink and a little balm, put a couple of strips of court plaster on his forehead, and with his arm in a sling, presented himself to old Bootjack. He told a doleful story of having been garrotted, and he showed the marks. Bootjack believed the yarn, and wrote a long letter to young Deobots' guardian for more money for that young gentleman. Bootjack's fine daughter saw young Deobots in her father's office—pitied the interesting young man, asked papa to introduce him—in three days young Deobots was invited to a large party at old Bootjack's, where he was the lion of the evening, and where he recounted his adventure with his garrotters, more than twenty times, with additions and variations. Matilda Jane was captivated with the brave young man—the brave young man improved his opportunities; and four days ago eloped with Matilda Jane, who has a hundred thousand in her own right from her grandfather. Young Deobots recovered from his black eye the first time he washed his face—he took his arm out of the black bandkerchief, and pulled the court plaster off his face the night he was married, and has been a well man ever since.

Pigford, my esteemed friend and fellow-boarder at Mrs. Snagley's, has been garrotted—and it really seems as if the robbers must have intimately known his private affairs, because the event occurred on the night of the very day that he received a remittance from England to pay Mrs. S. his five month's board—he appeared at the breakfast table next morning with a countenance so much damaged, and was so cast down on Mrs. S.'s account, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him three months longer credit, until he can get another remittance from England.

Jenks, another of our boarders, was garrotted twice in one week—it has a bewildering effect upon Jenks—it makes him unsteady in the legs and causes his breath to smell of rum punch—on the first occasion of the robbing and choking outrage, he rung the area bell of the house on the other side of the street until a policeman interfered and brought him home—then Jenks inveigled the policeman into the house, and delivered him over to me with many formalities, assuring me that he was a garrotter whom he had overpowered and captured by main strength, and he showed the star on the M. P.'s breast as the place where the invincible fist of Jenks had "smashed his jaw." Jenks was garrotted again two days after, and brought home by a gentlemanly individual, who picked his pockets at the door, took his overcoat, changed hats with him, and then rang the bell for the girl to come and find Jenks into the house. The girl came and found this individual trying to whistle off one of the pickets of the iron fence with his penknife, and meanwhile making a furious attempt to sing the words of the Evening Hymn to the Virgin to the classic air of Root Hog or Die.

The mania has extended even to the kitchen, and the servants are now following the example of their betters, and getting garrotted on every favorable opportunity—the boy goes to the butcher's; he is invariably, according to his own account, attacked by a band of ruffians and robbed of the money before he gets home—this has happened four successive days in broad daylight, and has cost Mrs. Snagley about four and sixpence a time. I sent Sally, the little errand girl, with a dime for some beer, and she returned in tears, with the news that she too had been "grotted," and had lost the change. She had her fist full of lemon cake, and had two big apples in her pocket, which I suppose the robbers had given her.

I am positively frightened—things are truly in a dreadful state in my neighborhood—I dare not travel on the sidewalk, and have ruined my best pantaloons walking through the slush in the middle of the road. I imagine there is a garrotter under every paving stone, or hiding behind every lamp post. Daylight sometimes shows me the strange mistakes I had made in the night. I find that I have been two blocks off my way to avoid a broken wheelbarrow which I took for a concealed ruffian; and have run half a mile to get away from a pump, which I imagined was a fierce garrotter with a club raised, and have on nine occasions crossed the street through a knee-deep puddle, to escape a molasses hoghead, which I supposed to be a rotund robber, lying in wait for the subscriber. This state of things was unendurable, and I accordingly armed myself for the want. I got a revolver, a bowie-knife, a dagger, a slung-shot, a sword cane, a "billy," a policeman's club, a pair of brass knuckles, and six good large paving stones, which I carried in a convenient place in my overcoat pocket—there wasn't an inch of me that wasn't guarded by something that would shoot, strike or stab. I had, to be sure, some little trouble in managing the entire armory—I fired away four boxes of percussion caps, practising how to draw and fire my revolver in the least space of time—then I thought I'd load it, which I did, putting so much powder into each barrel, that I had to drive the ball in at the end with a tack-hammer—then I tried to fire it, and not a barrel would go off—then at dinner I accidentally dropped it, and it all went off at once, lodging three of the balls in a boiled ham on the table, while the rest brought up in a large bowl of mince-meat in the kitchen, and were afterwards discovered in the pies by the boarders—then I sat down on my bowie-knife and cut my leg half off—then I dropped my dagger out of the sheath, and it went through the top of my boot and stuck into my foot—three times have I smashed my toes with my slung-

shot, and I have broke two entire sets of crockery, four mirrors, and all my window glass, practising with my club and sword-cane.

My pockets are so full of implements of death, that they are in the way of my business—I'll want my memorandum book, but comes my revolver; I find I have occasion for my portmanteau, I find a "billy" in its place, instead of my penknife, I put my hand on a slung-shot; when I am in a hurry for my latchkey, I can't find anything but a pair of brass-knuckles, and I have, on four or five different occasions, attempted to pay my board in paving stones, simply because I couldn't find anything else in my pocket.

But I am fast becoming expert—I can draw and fire my revolver in two minutes and a half, if the lock doesn't catch in the lining of my pocket—I can get brass-knuckles ready for action in four minutes—I can draw my bowie-knives quick as I can unbutton my overcoat to get at the handle; and I can strike another man with my slung-shot as often as I hit myself, which is much more than I could do at first. Garrotters, beware—Doelicks is prepared.

Courageously,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOELICKS, P. B.

P. S.—I've been thinking the matter over—on examining my private accounts, I find that I owe money to diverse and sundry places, as follows:

Tailor	\$39.00
Bookkeeper	17.50
Board	21.11
Chop House	3.87
Flower money	.90
Liver	14.25

I dare not add it up—the total amount would overpower me—they have all heard that I intended to leave town to-morrow, and they are all here. \$93 is in the hall—\$17.50 is talking with \$21.11 in the front parlor—\$3.87 sits on the door step, while \$14.25 has two boys on the corner to see that I don't run away before he gets back from dinner. There is but one resource—I'll "make paper"—I'll Hunting-ton a check, make it payable to-morrow, show it to these harpies, make them all believe that they'll get their money soon, and then, to-night, in spite of my multitudinous weapons, I'll be garrotted and robbed of all I have—Jones says he'll do it for me—he'll give me a scientific black eye for nothing, and peel my nose without any charge. I consign myself to the tender mercies of Jones, which must satisfy my creditors for another three weeks. Despairingly,
Q. K. P. D. P. B.

Wonderful, if True.

A small Paris journal, called Les Contem-porains, has just published a most strange account, signed "Henri Page," of an aerostat excursion, which the article declares has solved the long canvassed problem of directing balloons. The persons who are stated to have made the excursion are the Count de Pleuvier, M. Gavarni, M. Migeon, Mr. Falconer, an English aeronaut, and M. Henri Page, the writer. The apparatus used is stated to have cost 300,000, the greater portion of which was furnished by Count de Pleuvier. The machine is represented as consisting of two balloons united together, of a spherical form, able to contain each 100 cubes of pure hydrogen gas. The directing power is a modified screw communication with the car, and a rudder, made principally of whalebone, to change the direction when required. M. Gavarni, the inventor, it is declared, can obtain the upward ascent of the balloon without throwing out ballast, which system soon exhausts the resources of the very best constructed balloon, and becomes an invincible obstacle to long excursions in the air. The loss of hydrogen is instantaneously repaired by a chemical proceeding, of which M. Migeon is stated to possess the secret, and by a little apparatus of communication, also invented by M. Gavarni. The descent is effected, as hitherto, by letting the gas escape. The departure of the aeronauts on the occasion referred to took place on the 15th of January, at ten in the morning, from the park of Ferrieres, in the Sologne, and the next morning at five the aerial travellers effected a safe descent within half a mile of Algiers.

"We received," says the account, "the most touching hospitality. The inhabitants wanted to carry us in triumph, but we declined the honor, and as soon as we could, went to take some repose, leaving our aerostatic apparatus under the guardianship of a file of Zouaves. Marshal Randon deigned to congratulate us, and pressed the hand of M. Gavarni with the utmost warmth. We remained on the African soil only 30 hours, and left at noon the day after our arrival, in sight of an immense multitude, who had assembled to see us ascend from the Mole. Our return was effected without the slightest incident, but with much greater rapidity. At half past four the next morning we alighted at the point from which we started, in the park of Comte de Pleuvier."

A PLACE FOR THE "STRONG MINDED."—A modern traveler tells us that the Jewesses in Thessalonica (European Turkey) reverse our accepted laws of Hygiene, by purchasing their husbands. The modus operandi is thus described:—"Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker, and inquires what bride-grooms there are in market. He chooses one higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dowry he can afford. His daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dowry. The bridegroom, through the broker, demands more; they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dowry is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay the dowry, that she may be able to buy another husband. Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we do not require any dowry in America. "How then," said she, "after matrimony, 'do you do when he wants to divorce you?'"

"Ven you arrives to the dignity of sawin' wood, Lafayette, if you ever elevated to that exalted position, mind and saw the biggest red cedar tree. Cos vy! you'll only have the little ones to saw ven you gets tucked out. Ven you eats pie, as I oves you'll live to be a man, always eat the crust first, cause the crust ain't a thing good to top off with, 'specially if it's tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood, always pile big ones to the bottom—always, Laiff yite, cause it's mighty hard exercise to lift 'em to the top o' the pile. These are the results of hobnobbing, Lafayette, and may be depended on, and it's all for your good that I say it." "Vy, farder," responded the young hopeful, "not a 'bormons 'spierence you must a had."

Aquafortis as a Beverage.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an old fellow, who was familiarly known as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing "chairs" or errands—nor any particular location. He ate wherever he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toter, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his headquarters at the low or tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and dose away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink, he would slip to the bar and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of aquafortis on the bar, and turned round to mix up some other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found to his dismay that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the doctor in alarm, to the landlord, "what has become of the aquafortis I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it." In this suspicion they were soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe swallowing the fatal draught. The doctor, knowing that he must certainly die after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, outsheds and woods for three or four miles around the village, Joe was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village toppers assembled around the blazing fire in the bar room, nothing was thought of or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The doctor, about this time, had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant. What was his surprise, when about five miles from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the doctor riding up to the fence "I thought you were dead and buried before this?"

"Why what made you think that, Doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe handle. "Didn't you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the doctor.

"No!" returned Joe. "Why, it was aquafortis—enough to kill a dozen men!"

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blew my nose, I burned a hole in my pocket handkerchief!"

An enthusiastic admirer of the Czar was repeatedly saying to a stranger, "The Czar is great." "Yes," was the reply, "but God is greater." "Ah!" exclaimed the Russian, "but the Czar is young yet!"

"There is a woman at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me. But it never did any good—it only taught me to cheat and lie like the devil."

LINES TO A FAT FELLOW.—"My 'tate will never lean To like so huge a man. So I must beg you will come here As little as you can."

"Ma, said a little urchin, peeping from beneath the bed clothes, 'I am cold; I want some cover on the bed.' 'Lie still, my dear,' said the mother, 'until your sister comes from church, she has got the comforter for a crinoline.'"

A FAIR INFERENCE.—An old lady, observing a sign over a tailoring establishment, bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion," exclaimed, "Ah! that must be the place where the skirts come from."

A medical man of this city says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks and never buy anything, ought to be called counter-irritants.

When may a man be strictly said to be in the habit of always "keeping his word?" When nobody will take it.

"I say, neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing that pasture for Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Right," replied Hodge, "I'm fencing it up to keep the cows out."

AN OMNIBUS BED.—A French paper gives an account of an accommodation for vagrants, which, though in China, is of rather crochery republicanism. At Peking a vast dormitory is kept ever ready to receive the homeless wanderers of the streets. It is called the ki-moo-fun or hen-feather house. An area is fenced in, the bottom of which is covered with feathers, and here sleep all who come, in one common bed—men, women, children, old, young, clean and dirty—together. As soon as daylight appears they are all turned out, a guardian at the door taking the small piece of money which each pays for the lodging.

When this "institution" was first contrived, a small covered way was given to each sleeper. But the cost was found to be too great, and the proprietors, and there is now a vast covered raised by pulleys in the day and at night over the entire company of bed fellows. It has holes for the heads to come through, and in the dim light of the dawn of day, is said to resemble a cabbage garden in high productivity.

INFLUENCE OF OFFICE.—The Washington correspondent of the Tribune says: "Gen. Cass is putting on the airs of youth in view of his appointment to the Premier-ship. He has mounted a claret colored coat, and has suddenly discovered that he is quite too young to ride to the Capitol. He has accordingly abandoned his carriage, and walks daily to the Senate, with short and brisk steps worthy of Mercury just lighted on the heaven kissing hill." We are pleased to learn that Mr. Buchanan has the Medea faculty of restoring the vigor and sprightliness of youth.

DEFINITION OF "WILD OATS."—A cereal crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest usually sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough and a trunk filled with small evils and medical prescriptions.

How PEOPLE TAKE COLD.—The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is your own house, your office, your counting room.

It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example: you walk very fast to go to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an over-throw to the desired spot you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration. You take a seat, feeling quite comfortable; you begin to talk with a friend, or to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done.

You look around to see where the cold comes from, and find a window open near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and as it is moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices. Or, it may be, you meet a friend at the street corner, who wanted a loan, and was quite complimentary, almost loving; and you do not like to be rude in the delivery of a two-lettered monosyllable, and while you are trying to be truthful, polite and safe, all at the same time, on comes the chilly feeling from a raw wind at the street corner, or the slush of mud and water in which, for the first time, you notice yourself standing.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once or to some sheltering place; and however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: when you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat and the forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments, and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your outdoor clothing on, you have cooled off full too soon.

Among the severest colds I have known men to take, were those resulting from sitting down to a meal in a cold room after a walk, or being engaged in writing, and having let the fire go out, their first admonition it was that creeping chilliness which is the forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend; our splendid parlors, and nice "parlor rooms," help to enrich many a "death room." The cold, sepulchral parlors of New York, from May till November, bring diseases, not only to visitors, but to the visited; for, coming from domestic occupations, or from the hurry of dressing, the heat of the body is higher than natural, and having no cloak or hat on in going to meet a visitor, and having in addition but little vitality, in consequence of the very sedentary nature of the town life, there is very little capability of resistance, and a chill and cold are the result.

[Half's Journal of Health.]

AN AFFECTING STORY.—Thrilling accounts are given in the Marysville papers of the chase of two luggers by an enraged third party (the parent), who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba river.

"Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and concluded to surrender. Maria was frantic. Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking around through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him to the ground. Then grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father, who was now in speaking distance:

"You shan't part us. Right, here up to our knees in mud, we will love and die together!"

The old man started back in amazement. "Yes," muttered the half used up Augustus, "we'll die right here in the mud."

"But, Maria—my child!"—groaned the old man, "are you not my daughter still?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am his wife too."

"And are you married?"

"We are," exclaimed both.

The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinized the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and turning his horse's head towards the city, he started off, saying—

"That's all I wanted to know. You can now get out of the mud and come home!"

OUTRAGED TREATMENT OF A YOUNG WIFE.—Our quiet little town has been thrown into a burst of wild excitement over a domestic affair of an atrocious nature which transpired in our midst. Mr. (we withhold his name on account of his friends,) a young gentleman of fortune and family, not long ago led to the altar one of the loveliest of her sex, and up to the time of this most extraordinary act, they appeared to live in the full enjoyment of conjugal bliss. The particulars are briefly these: On Thursday morning last Mr. ——— arose at half past 6 A. M. He dressed himself with his usual deliberation and taste. Just as his wife was about to robe herself in her daily habiliments, the brutal husband seized her hooded brown skirt, and deliberately seating himself upon it, he commenced singing—"I am sitting on the style, Mary," &c. His wife fainted. We understand his lawyers will rely upon insanity for his defence.—Cynthiana (Ky.) Age.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—The Norfolk Argus communicates a fact in one of its recent issues, which is highly important—particularly to such as are threatened with that fatal and insidious disease, known as consumption. It seems a gentleman in Louisiana bought some consumptive negroes from a dealer in Norfolk, and placed them on his sugar plantation. They ate plentifully of the cane, but more especially of the young shoots. The slaves, who had been thin, weak and sickly, soon became strong, robust and hearty, and in a short time all traces of the disease with which they had been affected entirely disappeared. The Argus learns that this planter has a standing order at Norfolk for negroes who have the symptoms of the disease, and of course expects to get them at a reduced price.

In order to live justly, and be respected, we must abstain from doing what we blame in others.

PATRICK HENRY'S GRAVE.—The Milton (North Carolina Chronicle) says:—"We mean no reproach to the State of Virginia (although she ought to blush, if she knows how!) when we announce that to this day the grave of the illustrious and immortal Henry is without even a stone or a stick to mark the resting place of his bones. And there is but one person living who knows his grave with certainty from others that surround it, and that person is a venerable negro, who has often watered it with his tears. The apparent negligence of his relations happened, as we learn, in this way: Virginia claimed the grave as her property, and promised to erect over it a monument worthy of the man and as imperishable as time. She has neglected to do it—but having recently erected a bronze statue of Henry at Richmond, a few of his relatives have concluded to place a marble slab over his remains.

The slab is 3 by 9 feet—of the purest white American marble, and contains this inscription:—"To the memory of Patrick Henry, born May 20th, 1736; died June 6th, 1799. His fame is his best epitaph."

A NEW DODGE.—A few days since a well-dressed and gentlemanly-looking man, leading a beautiful boy some five years of age, entered a jeweller's shop in Broadway, New York, and asked the price of a handsome gold bracelet; it was \$125. The gentleman examined and finally bought the article, and put it in his pocket. He then took out a large purse, full of shining pieces, and opened it. At that moment he suddenly exclaimed, with a look of alarm, "Why, where is Charley?" and, dashing the plump purse on the counter, he rushed from the store in frantic search of his boy, who had disappeared. The clerk awaited the gentleman's return for some time, with his purse lying where he had cast it down in his excitement. No fear of trickery was entertained, as the purse evidently contained money amounting to twice the value of the bracelet. But when hour after hour passed without the gentleman's return, and it was found that the purse only contained brass medals the size of half eagles, the clerk and his master both came to the conclusion that their customer was a slippery one, and that his innocent-looking boy was not being brought up in the way he should go.

WOMAN.—Enthusiast—"Oh! beautiful woman!"

Spirit of Truth—"All art."

E.—"What soft, bright eyes."

S. of T.—"Belladonna."

E.—"What a marble brow."

S. of T.—"Lily powder."

E.—"And glowing cheek."

S. of T.—"Liquid rouge."

E.—"And teeth."

S. of T.—"Best mineral on gold plate."

E.—"And round form."

S. of T.—"Cotton."

E.—"And taper waist."

S. of T.—"She can scarcely breathe."

E.—"And arching instep."

S. of T.—"Heels on her gaiters."

E.—"And walks as if she sailed along."

S. of T.—"Which is due to hoops."

I met her at sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes that danced with young delight, were of the same dear hue; and always when the sun goes down, I shall think of the girl in the gingham gown.

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing slugs, cobblers has just got out a work, in which he attempts to prove that by eating hops you will acquire a knowledge of walking.

The only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known that they never "underrate" anybody in the slightest degree.

"Can't you love me, gentle stranger?" "And the kindest of gentle strangers."

"That he rather thought he could."

CONFIDENCE BY DRUMSTICKS.—"My dear sir," said our friend Drumsticks to a young married gentleman who had just been made to feel the joys of paternity, "my dear sir, can you tell me in what your present status varies from that of the same individual one year ago?"

"Can't say that I can, Drumsticks."

"I will tell you. One year ago you were a sighing lover; now you are a loving sire. Don't say a word; I say I've got you. Good morning, sir!"—Pensacola Times.

ROGERS' LIVERWORTH & TAR FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, & ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS TENDING TO CONSUMPTION.

This preparation is getting into use all over our country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public in any country, and is not infrequently cured the very worst cases. When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. If he has been selling it for any length of time he will tell you.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYANT. Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. S. S. Olin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: "I have been using your Liverwort & Tar very extensively in my practice for three years past, and it is with pleasure I state my belief in its superiority over all other articles with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benner, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this country, and we think justly so. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benner, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this country, and we think justly so. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. R. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with severe cough, who was relieved by the Liverwort and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Medicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope!

TRY THE MEDICINE!! BEWAREN IN SEASON. Beware of Counterfeits and Base Imitations!

The genuine article is signed ANDREW ROGERS the engraved wrapper around each bottle. Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sold wholesale and retail by SCOVILL & MEAD, 1011 Charlotte St., New York, and Louis, N. O.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by SCOVILL & MEAD, 1011 Charlotte St., New York, and Louis, N. O.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

SOLE AG